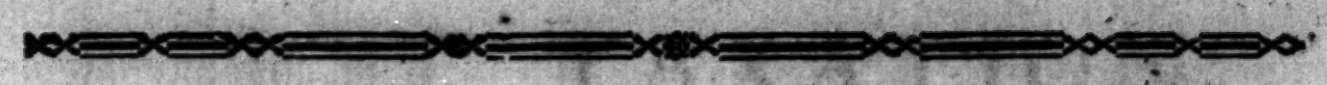


TYRANNY

THE



TYRANNY the *Worst* TAXATION;

A

POETICAL EPISTLE.



[Price One Shilling and Sixpence.]

OF ROYAL PERSECUTION

LONDON

PRINTED BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD

MDCCLXXIII

TYRANNY the Worst TAXATION;



POETICAL EPISTLE.

[Price One Shilling and Sixpence.]

1346.k.26.

TYRANNY

AND VERTUE

THE

WORST TAXATION;

A

POETICAL EPISTLE

TO THE

Right Honourable Lord N----,

K

OSTENSIBLE PRIME M-----R.

—“In *Poison* there is *Phyfic*.”

Shakespear.

By the AUTHOR of ROYAL PERSEVERANCE.

L O N D O N,

Printed for J. BEW, in Pater-Noster-Row.

MDCCLXXVIII.

Y N I A R Y T

T H E

WORST TAXATION;

A

POETICAL EPISTLE

T O T H E



Right Honourable Lord N-----

OSTENSIBLE PRIME M-----R.

"In Pigeon there is Pigeon."
Shakespeare.

By the AUTHOR of ROYAL PERSISTENCE.

L O N D O N.

Printed for J. B. W. in Paternoster-Row.

MDCCLXXXIII.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A Pamphlet written by the celebrated *Ministerial Advocate*, Dr. Sam. Johnson, entitled "*Taxation no Tyranny*," having lately presented itself to the Author, among some others which he destined to the *Flames*; the *Quaintness* of the Title struck him, and brought to his Mind as *quaint* a Title---"*Killing no Murder*"---by the *no less* celebrated Captain (and *political Doctor*) John Lillburne. John was an *enthusiastic Demagogue*, and Sam. is of late turned an *enthusiastic Pensioner*. This is the Opinion of the *Author*, who, like every other *Reader*, has a Right to judge for *himself*. Among other *Taxes*, *Censure* (as *Swift* says) is a *Tax* which every Man must pay to the Public for being *eminent*. The *quaint Title* of the *Doctor's* Work brought to the *Author's* Mind as *quaint* an *Epigram*, addressed by some Wag or other to the *renowned Doctor*, viz.

"Taxation is no Tyranny," you say:
Your Proposition turn the other Way;
And, as a Friend to *factious Innovation*,
Shew us that "*Tyranny is no Taxation*."

From this *arch Inversion* of the *Doctor's Hypothesis*, the *Author* took his Hint for the present *Epistle* and its *Title*; which he has taken the Liberty of addressing to the *magisterial Doctor's* great *Macenas*.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A Pamphlet written by the celebrated Ministerial Advocate, Dr. Sam. Johnson, entitled "Treason as I view it," having lately presented itself to the Author, among some others which he delivered to his friend, the Quaker of the Irish brick him, and brought to his mind as a point of title--"Killing no Murder"--by the use of which Captain (and political Doctor) John Lubbock. John was an Anti-Slavery Advocate, and some of late turned an enthusiastic Professor. This is the Opinion of the Author, who, like every other Quaker, has a Right to judge for himself. Among other Terms, Captain (as Swift says) is a Term which every Man must pay to the Public for being eminent. The present Title of the Doctor's Work brought to the Author's Mind as a point of title, suggested by some Way or other to the Ministerial Doctor, viz.

"Treason is as I view it," you say.
Your Proposition runs the other Way.
And, as a Friend to human Freedom,
Show us that "Treason is no Treason."

From this new Inquiry of the Doctor's Hypothesis, the Author took his Hint for the present Epistle and its Title, which he has taken the Liberty of adding to the Ministerial Doctor's great Merit.

TYRANNY the *Worst* TAXATION;

POETICAL EPISTLE,

&c.

TO you, my Lord, these honest Lines I send;
To you, who shou'd have been the *People's Friend*:
Not, like a *Wolfey* in a *Harry's* Reign,
A *T---t's* Minion, and a Kingdom's Drain.
To Kings tho' *selfish* *Fools* *eccentric* run,
A King's, and *People's* Int'rest, is but *one*.

Howe'er

8 TYRANNY THE WORST TAXATION.

Howe'er distinguish'd by a different Name

In sycophantic * Herds, 'tis still the same.

The Cloud of T—y o'ercasts us now;

Fate hangs on B—re's, on N—s, and M—f—d's Brow.

Below, you represent absconding B—†;

Above, an Empire dies by "Roy le veut."

Proud of your Name, Corruption wears no Veil;

At your soft Br-be no Senator turns pale.

Corruption's Father ‡ never went your Length;

But under you her Venom gathers Strength.

Safe from Impeachment in these virtuous Times,

Each Parricide, embronx'd, avows his Crimes:

In strong Majorities Knaves place their Hope;

L—s fear no Axe, and Commons no Rope.

* A detestable selfish Combination, who have the Effrontery to style themselves "K.'s Friends;" as if all the rest of the Nation were his Enemies.

† Cur non

Inter Aequales equitat?

As Horace says—Why does He not appear in public?—among his Peers?

‡ Sir R. W—p—de

How

How deeply was your *Lordship* once *distrest*,
 When *Counties* were uniting in a *Test**?
 Had *Tests* ensu'd, *Impeachments* had took place,
 And two *Great Houses* worn an *honest Face*.
 G— frown'd; You sigh'd; and B— was seized with *Fits*:
 At last, you *stabb'd* your *Country* with new *Writs*;
 On *free Election* palm'd a *dext'rous Cheat*†,
 And plac'd *Corruption* in her *ancient Seat*;
 A *Seat*, for which the *Beldame* now *prescribes*‡:
 By *Length of Time* she claims *Septennial Bribes*;
 Plucks the *rich Grape* that loads the *Treas'ry Bunch*,
 And eyes your *Lordship* as a *dancing Punch*§.
 Crouching, she licks the *Hand* by which she's *fed*,
 And once enjoy'd *Sir Fl—r* at her *Head*:

* Towards the latter end of the last Parliament. For a good Account of this, see Mrs. Macaulay's *Address to the People of England*—a full Refutation of Dr. Johnson's *Patriot*.

† See what a *Merit* Dr. Johnson artfully makes of this *State-Trick* in his *Patriot*, p. 2.—and see Mrs. Macaulay's *Address*.

‡ Before the late *Nullum Tempus Act*, a King could prescribe against the *Faith* of former *Royal Grants*—He is now limited.—When will *Corruption* know her *Limits*?

§ Such a *Punch* as lately danced at *Shaftesbury*, loaded with *Bribes* for free *Electors*. *Punch* has been severely punished.—An Instance of the greatest *Purity* in the dirtiest *H.* in England.

C

But

TO TYRANNY AT THE WORST TAXATION.

But now she views him with malignant Eyes—
 How durst a Speaker bid a King—
 Still, when your Lordship issues your Commands,
 She can lift up Four Hundred passive Hands;
 And half as many Tongues, to Britain's Wee,
 Are ready to pronounce your Aye, or No.
 But whence this Influence, this despotic Power?
 Like Danaë, Vice enjoys your golden Show'r.
 O! were her venal Sons, by my Decree,
 Plung'd headlong in some Smelter's boiling Sea!
 Then, once for all, at ev'ry thirsty Pore,
 They might imbibe their Fill of British Ore.
 Such Treas'ry Floods what Virtue can resist?
 Sweet are the Streams from G——'s Civil Lift.

* "Your M——y's faithful C——s rely on a Hope well founded, that what they have granted liberally will be used wisely"—Bitter Sauce to an immense Douceur!—of which little Pinchy had his Share, no doubt.

+ V. Dr. J——n's "Taxation no Tyranny," p. 65; where the Pensionary affects to be very facetious on contemplating the Subjugation of America, which would bring in a dangerous Flood of Treasure (as America says) to purchase the Remains of Liberty in Great-Britain.—The hungry Dastard licks his Lips at this Expectation.

These

TYRANNY THE WORST TAXATION. II

These Springs *hydropic Pensioners* exhaust;
 How many *Millions* thus are *basely* lost!
 Like *Israel's* thirsty Children, *Placemen* drink;
N—— strikes *the Rock*—they swallow, till they sink.
 From craving still, no *Decency* restrains;
 By *Voting* parch'd, they burst their *Patriot Veins*.
 Let those who feel the *Civil List* decrease,
 Call on *B—'s Party* to restore *their Fleece*.
 Wou'd *Faction* thus her pilfer'd *Sums* disgorge,
 A yearly *Million* might suffice for *G—†*:
 But *r—l Minions* ever were a *Curse*;
 They poison *Principles*, and drain the *Purse*.
 From *these* a *Nation's* certain *Ruin* springs;
 To *Gods* they blow up *self-conceited K—s*.
 Teach 'em to quit unerring *Wisdom's* Line,
 And *risque a Crown* to grasp at *Right Divine*.
 Alas! *their Right's* a *Gift*; *their Crown's* a *Trust*;
 All other *Claims* are mere *tyrannic Lust*.

† Without an Addition of 2 or 300,000*l.* more at *Intervals*.

Yet

12 TYRANNY THE WORST TAXATION.

Yet to *State Vermin* how do *Treasures* fly
 And how are *Subjects* plunder'd to supply
Profusion's lavish'd on all *Sc—ts* in vain;
 A *Cot* was once a *Palace* for a *Thane*.
 In *Hovels*, braver *Thanes* than figure now,
 Like *Patriarchs*, nurs'd their *Wives*, their *Bairns*, and *Cow*.
 They thought (ere *Union's* *Sunshine* made 'em feel)
 "A *Pound* in *Siller* was a muckle *Deale*."
 But since these frozen *Thanes* began to thaw,
 By lying upon *Down* instead of *Straw*;
 Sleeping no more on the bleak *Mountain's* Side,
 Where *Boreas* by the *Locks* chain'd down their *Pride**;
 Blest with *Arts*, *Commerce*, *Cultivation's* *Fruits*,
 And raised above a *Level* with their *Brutes*;
 Since *social* *Converse* humaniz'd their *Mind*,
 And brought 'em to be rank'd among *Mankind*;
 Their *baughty* *Sons*, whose *Sallads* once were *Grass*,
 Whose *Thistles* fed the *Noble*, and his *Afs*,

* It is no uncommon Thing for the *Higblanders* to throw themselves down to sleep on the bare Ground, and find their Hair frozen to it when they awake.

Expos'd

Expos'd, with *Herd*s, to *Famine*, and to *Cold*,
 Strangers to *Coin*, unless when *Kings* were sold †,
 In *English Hot-beds* boldly now strike *Root*,
 Yet seem to scorn the *Soil* that makes 'em shoot.
 To *England* all these hungry *Lairdlings* steer,
 Yet damn that "*Union* ‡" with a *thankless Sneer*,
 Which, in *unmerited Abundance*, keeps
Thousands who pin'd on their *paternal Nieps* §,
 And starv'd on *Roeks* where *barren Nature* sleeps.
 Can you, *my Lord*, such *guileful Minions* bless,
 And to such *Spaniels* always answer "*Yes?*"
 Yet, if *wrong'd Subjects* with *Petitions* go,
 Prompted by *B—*, advise an *haughty NO?*
 But, if *Profusion* shou'd want *fresh Supply*,
 At your *Behest*,—"Aye," and "*Content's*" the *Cry*.

† The *Scotch* are used to traffic for their *Kings*. Their last princely *Bargain* was, for *King Charles the 1st*, whom they sold *Dog-cheap* to the *Parliament-Faction*, and receiv'd the *Price of his Blood* in *Sterling Money*.

‡ Those *Sawneys* who still affect the rank *Brogue*, pronounce the Word *Union* with a double *n*.

§ *Turnips*—the only *Wall-Fruit* of *Scotland* before the *Union*.

14 TYRANNY THE WORST TAXATION.

*Resistance with Rebellion is involv'd *;*
B—te winks, and strait the P—rl—m—t's dissolv'd,
This influence Patriot Beckford dar'd resist;
Corruption sneer'd, and Virtue was dismiss'd †
Her fruitless Rage quick Dissolution cures;
A Treasury with Scorn her Siege endures.
You can reveal, my Lord, the Cause of this;
You know who counsels, and who acts amiss.
On his own Ignorance durst N— harangue ‡?
Fie!—own yourself and Pensioners a Gang.
If M—f—d's, B—re's, or G—'s Frown you dread,
Say, of this Gang who is the treach'rous Head?
Silent!—You want the Courage, or the Will—
I'll answer my own Question—stand mute still.

In Days of Yore, when Patriot Monarchs saw
That Crowns were best ensur'd by Love and Law;

** The present Administration has produced the most unjust political Confusion of Names.—All true Revolution Principles have shared the hardest.*

† That a patriotic Spirit should be repulsed by the prevailing Artifice of ministerial Faction is no wonder.

‡ A late Admission of ministerial Ignorance, and total Want of all necessary Information, was publicly made, without a Blush, in a Great House, by the ostensible Pilot of State-Affairs.

When

When *Counsellors* advis'd with perfect Heart,
 And *Kings* uninfluenc'd perform'd their Part;
 Ere standing Armies were a standing Curse,
 Or *Jobbers* took our Money-Bills to nurse*;
 Sound Reason, unredress'd, ne'er left the Throne;
 The Parent's Int'rest, and the Child's, were one:
 In Britain's Cause all us'd to coalesce;
 No ministerial Faction plann'd Distress.
 Now *L—s* and *C-m—ns* faithfully agree,
 Like sworn *Banditti's*, in *Confed'racy*.
 The Judgment of our Statesmen is confin'd
 To *Arthur's* †—in the Senate they are blind;
 Bills are brought in, pass'd, jok'd upon, and sign'd.
 Slight Conversation ‡ now decides the Fate
 Of England—*Hoyle's* is worthy of Debate.

* This Kind of *State-Brocage* is carried on by the Minister's procuring the Advancement of Money from the Bank, &c. upon the Credit of *Acts* passed. This Money is issued chiefly in Paper—the typical Shadow of an ideal Substance.—Ministerial Wealth is solid; but English National Wealth is a mere Paper-Phantom.

† A noted House for Gamblers of Rank in St. James's-Street.

‡ Bills were formerly worthy of Debate, but now *Macaroni Conversations* are the Ton.

§ *Hoyle* upon *Whist*—a modern Science; of which, no doubt, a *State-Professor*, with an handsome Salary will shortly be appointed.

16 TYRANNY THE WORST TAXATION.

System to System then keen *Knaves* oppose;
 At *Whist* they 'wake—in *Politics* they doze.
Rash Gamesters!—in a national *Distress*
 Who wou'd play on to make the *Ruin less*?
 To *Thrones* in vain the suppliant *Knee* has bow'd;
M---f---d's a *Jesuit*, and *G---* is proud.
Princes, alas! are but too often told
 That *Men* are cast in an *inferior Mould*.
Court Sycophants discover (as they say)
 Something *uncommon* in the *Royal Clay*;
 And *Subjects*, like *Heir-Looms*, on *Kings* roll down,
 Mere *ornamental Lumber* of a *Crown*.
 Hence *sulky Gloom* deforms a princely *Brow*,
 Telling *Men* "*Slav'ry is their Charter*" now.
Folly's ASTONISH'D at a *People's* Cries,
 And tells 'em "*Kings and Parliaments are wise*:"
 "That claim'd *Protection* rests on *royal Breath*;"
 "To-day 'tis *Slavery*, to-morrow *Death*:"

* It is a *Maxim* with some *Gamesters* to follow a losing *Hand*, to double and treble their *Bets*; in short, to persevere in ill *Luck* till they are stripped of all. *Nations* may be ruined, like *Individuals*, by the same absurd *Perseverance*.

" That *all* are *Rebels*, but *that royal Tribe*,
 " Who kiss her *Shackles*, and accept her *Bribe*:
 " That every *Subject's* trait'rous in her View,
 " Who durst *remonstrate*, meet, consult, or *sue*.
 These *Sentiments* are learn'd by rote, and penn'd
 By *Tory M--f--d*, who is "*Virtue's Friend**.
 The *Whigs* adopt a *System* not so old,
 Which *Revolutionists* have wrote in *Gold*;
 A *System*, which brought in a fairer Line
 Of *Kings* than those who held by *Right Divine*:
 Precarious *Tenure*! lost with *Charles's Head*,
 And quite *abjur'd* since *James†* from *England* fled.
 In *James's* Case, did just *Resistance* draw
Treason on those who crown'd the great *Nassau‡*?
 Whether a *King* from *Government* withdraws
 His *Person*, or invades a Nation's *Laws*;

* "*Uni æquus Virtuti*."—*V. Trefilian's Motto*.

† *James the IIId*,—of infamous Memory.

‡ Our great Deliverer from Tyranny, Popery, &c. *K. Wm. the IIIId*.

18 TYRANNY THE WORST TAXATION

In either Case, should Kings their Trust betray,
 Freemen resist, and none but Slaves obey.
 Can you, my Lord, old Edward's Act* explain,
 And thence Resistance to Rebellion strain?
 Or have old Edward's Sages mis'd the Case,
 And painted Treason with a double Face?
 Howe'er it be, your Lordship, when inclin'd,
 Can form the Act of Treasons to your Mind.
 The Bill propos'd, that Patriot's rash who stands
 For Liberty against Four Hundred Hands,
 Johnson will bring his Goose-Quill to your Aid;
 Consult the pension'd Doctor you have made.
 He calls it Treason, but to wish Success
 To Liberty, or supplicate Redress.
 If Wishing's Treason, Writing is no less†;
 What Overt-Acts teem now in every Press!

* The Statute of Treasons.

† A decent Majority, upon a Push.

§ He was dubb'd a Doctor at Oxford by his Lordship's Influence.

|| V. Taxation no Tyranny, p. 86.

‡ "Scribere est agere"—the Law of Faction's Justice in the Case of the great Algernon Sidney. On this judicial Sentence, most jesuitically, unconstitutionally, and illegally given, the renowned Sidney suffered at the Block for his patriotic Principles.

From *M—f—d* ev'ry honest *Pen* draws *Blood*;
 And *B-te* still dreads *Impeachment* in the *Bud*.
 Your *Lordship* knows that *Faction*, and her *Crew*,
 Are wounded *most* by *Libels*, when they're *true*;
 Let *Imprimatur**, then, with *Freedom* vie,
 And those who print *without a Licence*, die
 In fullest *Vigour* keep *tyrannic Health*,
 Nor let ***** know his *Weakness* but by *Stealth*.
 Spread *J—f—n's* Works before *deluded Eyes*,
 That *those* who *pay*, may know how well he *lies*.
 In his *false Tenets* *Fools* may read their *own*,
 And *laugh* to hear *mistaken Subjects* groan;
 Learn beneath *Scorn* contentedly to rest,
 To break on *Supplicants* a *fulsome Jest*†;

* The laconic Form of licensing Literary Productions when the Liberty of the Press was restrained

† "The Distemper still rages among the Horned Cattle"—Alas! poor Citizens of no mean City!—Fie! Lord M—f—d—Fie!

20 TYRANNY THE WORST TAXATION.

To spurn *Submission* as a *fawning Gun*,
 And droll upon a *murder'd Ch—n—ll—r**;
Whole Colonies, implacable as *Fate*,
 With *savage Fury* to *exterminate*;
 Or, *failing*, hide, with *Shame*, their *coward Fears*,
 And, *disappointed*, shed *malicious Tears*;
 Proving that *Meanness*, *Vanity*, and *Pride*,
 And *Tyranny*, to *Folly* are ally'd.
 'Tis *her's*, to *Soldiers*, who dare *break their Ranks*,
 And *murder Innocents*, to lavish "*Thanks†*;"
 To *pardon*, *pension*, all *enormous Crimes†*;
 And nip the *Buds of Liberty* betimes.
 This *Pow'r* is *hers*, in *erring Reason's Spite*;
 Whatever *her Decree* inflicts, is *right*.

* Y—k.—"Kill the next *Percy* yourself, my Lord."—In this Case *Hypocrisy* (most *theatrically* played off) inveigled *false Ambition* into *Suicide*—and then, like the *Devil* in the *Pantomime* of *Dr. Faustus*, laughed at her own *Treachery* and *Deceit*.

† ——— *Manet, æternumque manebit,*
Judicium ———

† Methinks, I see the *two Kennedys*—*Balse*—*M'Quirk*—and the *two Scotch ruffianly Soldiers* in *St. George's Fields* with their *Bayonets fixed*—The *formal Mode* of returning *bearty Thanks* recurs to me.—What *cheap B--bes* are *official Letters* when *bloody Work* is to be done!—What a *Blessing* is an *hireling standing Army*!

Shou'd

TYRANNY THE WORST TAXATION. 11

Shou'd *she* for wanton Carnage give the Word,
 Rebels are *they* who do not kiss her Sword.
 Shou'd *she* by Famine bid her Vassals die,
 Who durst lift up a supplicating Eye?
 Then, for *their* own, Expostulation's vain;
 Slaves must not argue, but embrace their Chain:
 How fanciful† are *they* who once complain!
 What has a Slave, unless his Toils are sweet?
 His Lord distributes, or withholds, his Meat.
 For *him* the passive Creature lives, and toils;
 The Slave procures, the Lord enjoys the Spoils:
 For all is Spoil, where Vassalage obtains;
 Nor is that Blood *their* own that feeds their Veins.
 In must be spilt to sate their Master's Pride,
 And all his Dogs must lap the fatt'ning Tide.

† Dr. Sam. Johnson, in his "Taxation no Tyranny," with a dogmatic Sneer, applies the Epithet *fanciful* to the great Montesquieu, who argues too warmly (as the Doctor thinks) for Liberty.—The great Locke would not have thought Montesquieu *fanciful* in his Sentiments on Liberty. But I am sensible that a rank Caledonian, were he put to compare Locke with Dr. Johnson, would be apt to say to an English Admirer of Locke,—since "Taxation no Tyranny" has been published,—Ha! where is your Master Locke now?

22 TYRANNY THE WORST TAXATION.

Thus Tyranny on base Submission treads,
 Or issues out an Order for Fools Heads.
 Shou'd Freedom's hateful Form attempt to rise,
 N— makes a Motion, and the Trait'ers flies.
 With N— Corruption never useles stands;
 Against Threescore she lifts two Hundred Hands.
 M—f—d and B—te the murd'rous Bill invent;
 N— brings it in—'tis pass'd—and gains Assent.
 "Le vent's" engross'd upon the treach'rous Scroll,
 And Folly's Scepter sanctifies the Roll.
 Thus by no Tyranny* are Slaves oppress'd,
 Since all their Suff'rings are by Death redress'd;
 Thus into Practice Theory is brought,
 And future Kings by J—f—n may be taught;
 To him for Truth all Tyrants may appeal;
 W—s—y† has stamp'd it with the Found'ry-Seal.

* This is Dr. Johnson's exact, literal Mode of Argument, and Inference, without Exaggeration—*Resum teneatis, Amici?* V. his Patriot, p. 26. 25. V. Taxation no Tyranny, p. 85, 87, 88, and in other Places.

† A well-known, calm, fanatic Plagiarist of Dr. J—f—n's "Taxation no Tyranny."

In

In *this*, *Divine*, and *Layman*, both concur,
 "That *Subjects*, *stabb'd*, are *Rebels*, if they *stir*."
 From *Scottish Zeal* this *meddling Priest* has *snatch'd*
 That *Dirk**, by which *Affliction* is *dispatch'd*,
 That *Dirk*, which *bold Aggressors* brandish high,
 Who bid their *Supplicants* *despair*, and *die*.
 Thus arm'd, *unjust Subordination* sits
 Enthron'd, to *scare Resistance* from her *Wits*;
 With *Paper-Troops*† fills the *tremendous Field*,
 And bids *Poltroons*‡, without *Conditions*, *yield*§.
 Thus *vap'ring Bullies* *Valour* wou'd *controul*:—
Virtue must *crouch* when *courtly Thunders* roll;

* A short *Scotch Dagger* which every *Sawney* used to carry about him formerly for commodious *Affassinations*; like his *true Principles*, perfidiously concealed.

† *Ld. Berrington* some Time ago produced a List of 25,000 *Foetes* upon *Paper*, but declared he could not raise a *single Man* of them.

‡ A Name given by *Jemmy Twitcher*, and some more of his *Gang*, to the *Americans*.

§ i. e. *Unconditional Submission*—*Brave Words!* But what if we should be forced to *swallow these brave Words!* How then!

Or,

Or,

24 TYRANNY THE WORST TAXATION.

Or, frighted at *G—m—ne's* undaunted Eye*,
 Before a ministerial Faction fly.
 Alas! my Lord, *she* cannot want Supplies,
 Whilst on *her* Cause, and Heaven, *she* relies.
 Virtue by no Attacks can be alarm'd;
 Myriads against *her* Breast are Rushes arm'd.
 Whilst Freedom, Property, and Life's *her* own,
She fears no prompting Vice behind a Throne.
 Faction may plan, and Tyrants execute,
 And ev'ry Placeman prove another B—;
 That K---s are Men some Despots may forget,
 And Sycophants increase a monstrous Debt;
 Feed royal Passions, whence all Mischiefs spring;

By flatt'ring Pride infect a weakly —;

* At *Minden* it flash'd with Fire---or rather, as our *Shakespeare* says,
 ——— "Look'd thro' the Portal of his Head,
 Like the brass Cannon" ———

† "Terret Equos Equitumque vultus,"
 says *Horace*--- *Ancient Pistol* has translated *Horace* thus:--- "Slaughter's the
 Word, and Bilboe shall ensue."

‡ The great *Philip* of *Macedon* was waked by his Page every Morning,
 with this wholesome Memento--- "Sir, remember that you are a Man."

Cherish

Cherish *those Seeds* which *crafty B--* hath sown
Till that *Thane's Principles* become *his own*;
Ply *ev'ry Oar*, and spread out *ev'ry Sail*,
Lest Hopes of *ministerial Wealth* thou'd fall:
Yet, my good Lord, this partial Love of *Self*
Will find its *Peace* but ill-exchang'd for *Pelf*;
The *r---l Hand*, which *ev'ry Fav'rite* warms,
Is no *sure Shield* against *impending Storms*.
A *Civil Tempest* is a dreadful Scene:
In *Seas untry'd* what *Rocks* may intervene
Tho' *blust'ring S---w-ch*, with a *Neptune's Air*,
Grasps *Britain's Trident*, and forbids *Despair*,
Yet *his Predictions* (like *your own**) have prov'd
How far *some Lords* from *Prophets* are remov'd.
Distrust all *State-Empyrics*, and impart
To *G---* the honest Dictates of your Heart;

* "We shall bring such an Army into the Field, as will look America into Submission."

"Dic mihi Cras istud, Posthume, quando venit?"

G

Let

Your *Reputation* above *Titles* prize,
 And scorn, in Times like these, to *timperize*.
 Let *Modesty* in *public Life* appear;
 But with no *Flatt'ry* soothe your *Master's Ear*;
 For that the *Drawing-Room's* the proper *Sphere*.
 In *Councils* let *explicit Truth* be seen;
 Speak in *plain Terms* the very *Thing* you *mean*.
 Rather than *fawn*, blunt *Th-rle's* *Phrase* affect:
 'Tis to the *K—* you owe the *most Respect*,
 Not to the *Man*—*Craterus* keep in view;
Hephestion's courtly, but *Craterus true**.
 Like *Beckford*†, nobly scorn a *Mortal's Frown*;
 The *Smiles of Princes* yield but *short Renown*.
 Not so *those Statues*‡ which for *Patriots* breathe;
Those Honours equal to a *Civic Wreath*§.

* *Alexander's* Remark upon the Conduct of these two *Courtiers* was this:
 "Craterus loves the *King*, but *Hephestion* loves *Alexander*." And this vain
Tyrant was silly enough to give the *Preference* to the *sycophantic Hephestion*,
 instead of the *patriotic Craterus*.

† The late *patriotic Lord Mayor*, of that *Name*.

‡ The *City of London* have most deservedly erected a *Statue* to the re-
 spectable *Memory* of *Mr. Beckford*.

§ Decreed by the *Roman Senate* to that *Patriot* who saved the *Life* of a
Roman in *War*—*Rome* pensioned no *Murderers* of her *Subjects*.

TYRANNY THE WORST TAXATION 27

Be *those*, my Lord, your Emulation's Pride;
Henceforth the Pageantry of Courts deride.
If to *yourself* you dare but to be true,
Our Annals may one honest Statesman shew.
From *M-f-d's* Head extract the better Part,
And re-assume your Purity of Heart.
Misinformation * long eclips'd your Sight,
But now your Wisdom may discern the Light.
France has declar'd—Spain soon will intervene,
And brave us with her pitiful Marine †.
But (worst of all!) America will rise,
And with united Squadrons fear our Eyes;
Treat our terrific Union ‡ like a Rag,
And, sneering, hoist her Independent Flag;
Conciliation's Plan with Reason § spurn,
And justly play the Tyrant in her turn;

* A pitiful Excuse for a Prime Minister, and wholly inadmissible from any Mouth but an Idiot's.

† As a maritime Power, Spain is certainly contemptible.—They are often forced to whip their Sailors up to their Guns.

‡ The Union Flag of Great-Britain, hoisted by our Admirals.

§ Because she once petitioned to be reinstated in our Favour and Protection, upon the very same Terms which we find ourselves obliged to offer her now. May she not say, with just Passion and Resentment, "Repudiata repeto?"

TYRANNY THE WORST TAXATION

Our *Famine-Bills* and *Armaments* defy
 Nor let her *Parent* rank as her *Ally*
 In *foreign States* she finds far *better Friends*
 And thus the *Waste of Forty Millions* ends
 To *English Pride Poltroons*† have laid the *Axe*,
 And prov'd that "*Tyranny's a wanton Tax*."

* V. *Taxation no Tyranny*, p. 90, 91. Dr. Johnson's *sarcastic Banter* there
 will be more than *repliz'd*, perhaps, to the *Sorrow of Great-Britain*.

† So the *Americans* have been called by some *ignorant Braggadocios*.

§ Dr. Johnson's *Position*, "*Taxation no Tyranny*," inverted.



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